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The Unknown Soldier

Mr. Editor, We Salute You!

Guest Preachers

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REV. EUGENE C. CARDER, D.D.

The Unknown Soldier

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

It was an inspired idea to deposit the body of an unrecognized soldier in the national memorial of the Great War, and yet, when one stops to think of it, how strange it is! Yesterday, in Rome, Paris, London, Washington, and how many capitals beside, the most stirring military pageantry, decked with flags and exultant with music, centered about the bodies of unknown soldiers. That is strange. So this is the outcome of Western civilization, which for nearly two thousand years has had Christ and in which democracy and science have had their widest opportunity, that the whole nation pauses, its acclamations rise, its colorful pageantry centers, its patriotic oratory flourishes, around the unrecognizable body of a soldier blown to bits on the battlefield. That is strange.

It was the war-lords themselves who picked him out as the symbol of war. So be it! As a symbol of war we accept him from their hands.

You may not say that I, being a Christian minister, did not know him. I knew him well. From the north of Scotland, where they planted the sea with mines, to the trenches of France, I lived with him and his fellows, British, Australian, New Zealander, French, American. The places where he fought, from Ypres through the Somme battlefield to the southern trenches, I saw while he still was there. I lived with him in dugouts, in the trenches, and on destroyers searching for submarines off the shores of France. Short of actual battle, from training camp to hospital, from the fleet to No-Man's Land, I, a Christian minister, saw the war. Moreover, I, a Christian minister, participated in it. I too was persuaded that it was a war to end war. I too was a gullible fool and thought that modern war could somehow make the world safe for democracy. They sent men like me to explain to the army the high meanings of war and, by every argument we could command, to strengthen their morale. I wonder if I ever spoke to the Unknown Soldier.

One night, in a ruined barn behind the lines, I spoke at sunset to a company of hand-grenaders who were going out that night to raid the German trenches. They told me that on the average no more than half a company came back from such a raid, and I, a minister of Christ, tried to nerve them for their suicidal and murderous endeavor. I wonder if the Unknown Soldier was in that barn that night.

Once in a dugout which in other days had been a French wine cellar I bade Godspeed at two in the morning to a detail of men going out on patrol in No-Man's Land. They were a fine company of American boys fresh from home. I recall that, huddled in the dark, underground chamber, they sang

> Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
> Lead thou me on.
> The night is dark, and I am far from home,—
> Lead thou me on.

Then, with my admonitions in their ears, they went down from the second to the first line trenches and so out to

No-Man's Land. I wonder if the Unknown Soldier was in that dugout.

You here this morning may listen to the rest of this sermon or not, as you please. It makes much less difference to me than usual what you do or think. I have an account to settle in this pulpit today between my soul and the Unknown Soldier.

He is not so utterly unknown as we sometimes think. Of one thing we can be certain: he was sound of mind and body. We made sure of that. All primitive gods who demanded bloody sacrifices on their altars insisted that the animals should be of the best, without mar or hurt. Turn to the Old Testament and you find it written there: "Whether male or female, he shall offer it without blemish before Jehovah." The god of war still maintains the old demand. These men to be sacrificed upon his altars were sound and strong. Once there might have been guessing about that. Not now. Now we have medical science, which tests the prospective soldier's body. Now we have psychiatry, which tests his mind. We used them both to make sure that these sacrifices for the god of war were without blemish. Of all insane and suicidal procedures, can you imagine anything madder than this, that all the nations should pick out their best, use their scientific skill to make certain that they are the best, and then in one mighty holocaust offer ten million of them on the battlefields of one war?

I have an account to settle between my soul and the Unknown Soldier. I deceived him. I deceived myself first, unwittingly, and then I deceived him, assuring him that good consequence could come out of that. As a matter of hard-headed, biological fact, what good can come out of that? Mad civilization, you cannot sacrifice on bloody altars the best of your breed and expect anything to compensate for that.

Of another thing we may be fairly sure concerning the Unknown Soldier—that he was a conscript. He may have been a volunteer but on an actuarial average he probably was a conscript. The long arm of the nation reached into his home, touched him on the shoulder, saying, You must go to France and fight. If some one asks why in this "land of the free" conscription was used, the answer is, of course, that it was necessary if we were to win the war. Certainly it was. And that reveals something terrific about modern war. We cannot get soldiers—not enough of them, not the right kind of them—without forcing them. When a nation goes to war now, the entire nation must go. That means that the youth of the nation must be compelled, coerced, conscripted to fight.

When you stand in Arlington before the tomb of the Unknown Soldier on some occasion, let us say, when the panoply of military glory decks it with music and color, are you thrilled? I am not—not any more. I see there the memorial of one of the saddest things in American history, from the continued repetition of which may God deliver us!—the conscripted boy.

He was a son, the hope of the family, and the nation coerced him. He was a lover and the deepest ambition in his life was not desire for military glory or hatred of another country or any other idiotic thing like that, but love of a girl and hope of a home. He was, maybe, a husband and a father and already, by that slow and beautiful gradation which all fathers know, he had felt the deep ambitions of his heart

being transferred from himself to his children. And the nation coerced him. I am not blaming him; he was conscripted. I am not blaming the nation; it never could have won the war without conscription. I am simply saying that *that* is modern war, not by accident but by necessity, and with every repetition that will be more and more the attribute of war.

Last time they coerced our sons. Next time, of course, they will coerce our daughters, and in any future war they will absolutely conscript all property. Old-fashioned Americans, born out of the long tradition of liberty, some of us have trouble with these new coercions used as short cuts to get things done, but nothing else compares with this inevitable, universal, national conscription in time of war. Repeated once or twice more, it will end everything in this nation that remotely approaches liberty.

If I blame anybody about this matter, it is men like myself who ought to have known better. We went out to the army and explained to these valiant men what a resplendent future they were preparing for their children by their heroic sacrifice. O, Unknown Soldier, however can I make that right with you? For sometimes I think I hear you asking me about it:

> Where is this great, new era that the war was to create? Where is it? They blew out my eyes in the Argonne. Is it because of that that now from Arlington I strain them vainly to see the great gains of the war? If I could see the prosperity, plenty, and peace of my children for which this mangled body was paid down!

My friends, sometimes I do not want to believe in immortality. Sometimes I hope that the Unknown Soldier will never know.

Many of you here knew these men better, you may think, than I knew them, and already you may be relieving my presentation of the case by another picture. Probably, you say, the Unknown Soldier enjoyed soldiering and had a thrilling time in France. The Great War, you say, was the most exciting episode of our time. Some of us found in it emotional release unknown before or since. We escaped from ourselves. We were carried out of ourselves. Multitudes were picked up from a dull routine, lifted out of the drudgery of common days with which they were infinitely bored, and plunged into an exciting adventure which they remember yet as the most thrilling episode of their careers.

Indeed, you say, how could martial music be so stirring and martial poetry so exultant if there were not at the heart of war a lyric glory? Even in the churches you sing

> Onward, Christian soldiers,
> Marching as to war.

You, too, when you wish to express or arouse ardor and courage, use war's symbolism. The Unknown Soldier, sound in mind and body—yes! The Unknown Soldier a conscript—probably! But be fair and add that the Unknown Soldier had a thrilling time in France.

To be sure, he may have had. Listen to this from a wounded American after a battle. "We went over the parapet at five o'clock and I was not hit till nine. They were the greatest four hours of my life." Quite so! Only let me talk to you a moment about that. *That* was the first time he went over the parapet. Anything risky, dangerous, tried for

the first time, well handled, and now escaped from, is thrilling to an excitable and courageous soul. What about the second time and the third time and the fourth? What about the dreadful times between, the long-drawn-out, monotonous, dreary, muddy barrenness of war, concerning which one who knew said, "Nine-tenths of War is Waiting"? The trouble with much familiar talk about the lyric glory of war is that it comes from people who never saw any soldiers except the American troops, fresh, resilient, who had time to go over the parapet about once. You ought to have seen the hardening-up camps of the armies which had been at the business since 1914. Did you ever see them? Did you look, as I have looked, into the faces of young men who had been over the top, wounded, hospitalized, hardened up—over the top, wounded, hospitalized, hardened up—over the top, wounded, hospitalized, hardened up—four times, five times, six times? Never talk to a man who has seen that about the lyric glory of war.

Where does all this talk about the glory of war come from, anyway?

'Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!'
Were the last words of Marmion.

That is Sir Walter Scott. Did he ever see war? Never.

. . . How can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods?

That is Macaulay. Did he ever see war? He was never near one.

Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

That is Tennyson. Did he ever see war? I should say not. That is where the glory of war comes from. We have heard very little about it from the real soldiers of this last war. We have had from them the appalling opposite. They say what George Washington said: it is "the shame of mankind." The glory of war comes from poets, preachers, orators, the writers of martial music, statesmen preparing flowery proclamations for the people, who dress up war for other men to fight. They do not go to the trenches. They do not go over the top again and again and again.

Do you think that the Unknown Soldier would really believe in the lyric glory of war? I dare you; go down to Arlington and tell him that *now*.

Nevertheless, some may say that while war is a grim and murderous business with no glory in it in the end, and while the Unknown Soldier doubtless knew that well, we have the right in our imagination to make him the symbol of whatever was most idealistic and courageous in the men who went out to fight. Of course we have. Now, let us do that! On the body of a French sergeant killed in battle was found a letter to his parents in which he said, "You know how I made the sacrifice of my life before leaving." So we think of our Unknown Soldier as an idealist, rising up in answer to a human call and making the sacrifice of his life before leaving. His country seemed to him like Christ himself, saying, "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." Far from appealing to his worst, the war brought out his best—his loyalty, his courage, his venturesomeness, his care for the down-trodden, his capacity for self-sacrifice. The noblest qualities of his young

manhood were aroused. He went out to France a flaming patriot and in secret quoted Rupert Brooke to his own soul:

> If I should die, think only this of me:
> That there's some corner of a foreign field
> That is for ever England.

There, you say, is the Unknown Soldier.

Yes, indeed, did you suppose I never had met him? I talked with him many a time. When the words that I would speak about war are a blistering fury on my lips and the encouragement I gave to war is a deep self-condemnation in my heart, it is of that I think. For I watched war lay its hands on these strongest, loveliest things in men and use the noblest attributes of the human spirit for what ungodly deeds! Is there anything more infernal than this, to take the best that is in man and use it to do what war does? This is the ultimate description of war—it is the prostitution of the noblest powers of the human soul to the most dastardly deeds, the most abysmal cruelties of which our human nature is capable. That *is* war.

Granted, then, that the Unknown Soldier should be to us a symbol of everything most idealistic in a valiant warrior, I beg of you, be realistic and follow through what war made the Unknown Soldier do with his idealism. Here is one eye-witness speaking:

"Last night, at an officers' mess there was great laughter at the story of one of our men who had spent his last cartridge in defending an attack. 'Hand me down your spade, Mike,' he said; and as six Germans came one by one round the end of a traverse, he split each man's skull open with a deadly blow." The war made the Unknown Soldier do *that* with his idealism.

"I can remember," says one infantry officer, "a pair of hands (nationality unknown) which protruded from the soaked ashen soil like the roots of a tree turned upside down; one hand seemed to be pointing at the sky with an accusing gesture. . . . Floating on the surface of the flooded trench was the mask of a human face which had detached itself from the skull." War harnessed the idealism of the Unknown Soldier to *that!*

Do I not have an account to settle between my soul and him? They sent men like me into the camps to awaken his idealism, to touch those secret, holy springs within him so that with devotion, fidelity, loyalty, and self-sacrifice he might go out to war. O war, I hate you most of all for this, that you do lay your hands on the noblest elements in human character, with which we might make a heaven on earth, and you use them to make a hell on earth instead. You take even our science, the fruit of our dedicated intelligence, by means of which we might build here the City of God, and, using it, you fill the earth instead with new ways of slaughtering men. You take our loyalty, our unselfishness, with which we might make the earth beautiful, and, using these our finest qualities, you make death fall from the sky and burst up from the sea and hurtle from unseen ambuscades sixty miles away; you blast fathers in the trenches with gas while you are starving their children at home with blockades; and you so bedevil the world that fifteen years after the Armistice we cannot be sure who won the war, so sunk in the same disaster are victors and vanquished alike. If war were fought simply with evil things, like hate, it would be bad enough but, when one sees the deeds of war done

with the loveliest faculties of the human spirit, he looks into the very pit of hell.

Suppose one thing more—that the Unknown Soldier was a Christian. Maybe he was not, but suppose he was, a Christian like Sergeant York, who at the beginning intended to take Jesus so seriously as to refuse to fight but afterward, otherwise persuaded, made a real soldier. For these Christians do make soldiers. Religion is a force. When religious faith supports war, when, as in the Crusades, the priests of Christ cry "Deus Vult," God wills it, and, confirming ordinary motives, the dynamic of Christian devotion is added, then an incalculable resource of confidence and power is released. No wonder the war departments wanted the churches behind them!

Suppose, then, that the Unknown Soldier was a Christian. I wonder what he thinks about it now. Practically all modern books about war emphasize the newness of it—new weapons, new horrors, new extensiveness. At times, however, it seems to me that still the worst things about war are the ancient elements. In the Bible we read terrible passages where the ancient Hebrews thought they had command from Jehovah to slaughter the Amalekites, "both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass." Dreadful! we say, an ancient and appalling idea! Ancient? Appalling? Upon the contrary, that is war, and always will be. Listen to this: "I wish you to burn and kill. The more you kill, the more you will please me. The island of Samar must be made a howling wilderness." That is a military order issued in our generation by an American general in the Philippines and publicly acknowledged by him afterwards in a military court. Moreover, when one of his subordinate officers asked him what age limit to put on killings, he answered, and publicly acknowledged it in court afterwards: "Kill everything over ten." Far from launching into a denunciation of that American general I am much more tempted to state his case for him. Why not? Can not boys and girls of ten fire a gun? Why not kill everything over ten? That is war, past, present, and future. All that our modern fashions have done is to make the necessity of slaughtering children not the comparatively simple and harmless matter in Samar of shooting some of them, one by one, but the wholesale destruction of children, starving them by millions, impoverishing them, spoiling the chances of unborn generations of them, as in the Great War.

My friends, I am not trying to make you sentimental about this. I want you to be hard-headed. We can have on the one side this monstrous thing or we can have Christ, but we cannot have both. O my country, stay out of war! Cooperate with the nations in every movement that has any hope for peace; enter the World Court, support the League of Nations, contend undiscourageably for disarmament, but set your face steadfastly and forever against being drawn into another war. O church of Christ, stay out of war. Withdraw from every alliance that maintains or encourages it. It was not a pacifist, it was Field-Marshal Earl Haig who said, "It is the business of the churches to make my business impossible." And O my soul! stay out of war!

At any rate, I will myself do the best I can to settle my account with the Unknown Soldier. I renounce war. I renounce war because of what it does to

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Prayer

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

Eternal Spirit, from Whom to be turned away is to fall, to Whom to be turned is to rise, and in Whom to abide is to stand fast forever, we worship Thee. Open to Thy people the gates of grace. Through another week this ever-present world, external, physical, and pressing, has urged upon our hands tasks which with our own energies we have fulfilled. Now into Thy sanctuary we come to face the deep and high tasks of the spirit which by no human strength alone can be fulfilled. Lift us, therefore, out of the narrow and pressing foregrounds of our life and set us in the great backgrounds. Not by our hands are the worlds lighted when Thy sun rises, nor is it of our energy that the seasons pass from the cold of winter toward the promise of the spring. Before us and ahead of us, Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, is the Eternal. We have not made our bodies; we are not the fathers of our spirits. It is not of our doing that we have been trusted with this mysterious gift of personality, launched upon this strange tempestuous sea of life. Set us, we pray Thee, in the great horizons of the Eternal and do Thou, the living God, without us and within, make Thyself real today.

Grant unto us, Thy people, the glory of a divine invasion. Sweep past the barricades of our reluctance and fear, and come into our spirits, we beseech Thee. Thou seest the sins we have committed, because of which remorse, humiliation, and the bitter sense of failure stand now at the doors of our souls to keep Thee out. Thou seest how hardly life has dealt with some of us so that discouragement at the gateways of our spirits keeps Thee away. Sweep past all this, Thou all-loving God, and invade our hearts. For though life may be difficult and tragedy beset us, yet is there goodness also and strength and beauty. Open our eyes to see things lovely and excellent; recenter our thoughts on things august and beautiful; with new faith and fresh courage send us out to face life again. O God, whatsoever things are true and good and pure and excellent and of a high report, on such things may we think.

We lift before Thee our deep care for the nation. Part and parcel of ourselves the nation is. Our forefathers cared for it and laid its foundation stones with their own sacrifice. It never can be well with the nation unless it is well with us, nor with us unless it is well with the nation. Therefore, for the nation within us and for ourselves within the nation, we pray. In times of crisis and sore need, Thou hast raised up for us in days gone by high-minded leadership and saved the people. Grant unto us such guidance in this day of need and let the whole body of the commonwealth be reborn to a better mind, to put away the dishonesty that afflicts us, the indecency that corrupts us, the selfishness that belittles us, that we may care for this nation which our fathers builded and which our children will sorely need.

We lift up our care for the peace of the world. We hate those things within us and within other men—prejudice,

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Mr. Editor, We Salute You!

By Grace H. Patton

The occasion sometimes arises, in the course of human happenings, when it seems necessary that a very modest person who does not like to talk about himself should be forced into a corner, held there, bound, fettered and muzzled, figuratively speaking, while someone else raises a voice concerning him, making known to the world the extensiveness of his achievements. The very modest person, in this particular case, is the editor of this magazine, Dr. Eugene C. Carder, one of the ministers of The Riverside Church. You may have noticed how, up to the present, Dr. Carder has skillfully avoided having his own picture appear in The Church Monthly, although he has enshrined the other ministers of the church there in full-paged glory. You may have noticed also how Dr. Carder tries to keep himself in the background in his work as minister—(though physically that is a good deal of a task!)—while he pushes into the foreground the work and accomplishments of others.

The very noteworthy occasion, in this particular case, is the completion by Dr. Carder of fifteen years of service in the Fifth Avenue-Park Avenue-Riverside Church—(which appellation, you will understand, is used to describe the church's evolutionary process and not to denote its present title).

So—since Dr. Carder, in his position as rightful and accredited editor of this magazine, allows nothing to appear on its pages without his editorial approval and consent—the present writer has deemed it necessary to do the previously mentioned act of cornering, binding, and muzzling, while she takes upon herself—with the complete consent and connivance of the other members of the Committee on Publications—the very welcome task of saying some things about Dr. Carder which he would never think of saying about himself. For once he is absolutely ignored in regard to an article appearing on the pages of this magazine; and whatever is said herein is matter for which he is not in the least responsible and to which, if he were consulted, he would assuredly not give his consent. But he is not being consulted!

Fifteen years ago Dr. Carder became a member of the church family which, in the process of ecclesiastical procreation, has become The Riverside Church. We all know that for a minister to remain in any church fifteen years is quite an achievement; but for him to remain in one church while it evolves into three churches and yet continues to be essentially the same church is not only a display of centrical stability on the part of the minister but something of a miracle in the annals of churchdom. When we note, along with this, the fact that all these three ministries have been accomplished within a great city which has the reputation of wearing down its preachers and then, in the course of time, killing them off, one is inclined to raise one's eyes to New York's symbolic skyscrapers and exclaim, "Old City, you did not do it this time!"

When, in May, 1919, Dr. Carder came into the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church as assistant pastor, its minister, Dr. Cornelius Woelfkin, found in him a strong helper on whom he could depend for carrying on the pastoral and executive work of the church. Unobtrusive, kindly, making no attempt to further his own interests, the associate minister went quietly about his work, drawing on his past experiences in pastorates in Cuba, New York, and in Morristown, New Jersey, to help him in his duties in a great, demanding city. It was only when the church started building its new home on Park Avenue that his associates began to realize what marked ability Dr. Carder had as an executive and as a competent consultant in building operations. He put a great deal of himself into the Park Avenue structure.

But, not long after the occupancy of the new church building, it was discovered that Dr. Woelfkin's health was in such a state that he would not be able to continue his ministry much longer. It was during that time of increasing years and decreasing health that Dr. Woelfkin found in Dr. Carder not only an able assistant but a friend as dutiful and devoted as a son, willing to carry the burden of responsibilities which the older man was finding it no longer possible to assume.

When Dr. Woelfkin's failing health became a matter for grave concern and it was seen that he would soon have to relinquish his pastorate, Dr. Fosdick was called as his successor. Coming, in the fall of 1926, into a church whose people he had not yet come to know, the new minister found Dr. Carder an invaluable help in getting acquainted with his parishioners and in planning for the future of the growing church. Looking back on that period, Dr. Fosdick says, "One of the most fortunate occurrences of my life was finding Dr. Carder in the ministry at the Park Avenue Baptist Church when I was called to the pastorate of that congregation. I discovered in him a loyal and able colleague, and every year of our association has deepened our friendship."

It had been decided, at the time of Dr. Fosdick's taking over the work of the church, that he must be given a larger auditorium; for it was quite evident that the Park Avenue structure, little gem of architecture that it was, would not begin to hold the crowds who were coming to listen to the newly installed, but already widely known, minister. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., along with other leaders in the church, saw the need not only for a bigger auditorium but for a much larger equipment along all lines. Plans were soon under way which eventuated in the building of what is now Riverside Church. In the meantime, the program of activities at Park Avenue was enlarging, the membership increasing and the work of the church taking on greater proportions than it had ever known. The care of the building and the management of the church office became a big task, and Mr. Heidt was called as business manager. This left Dr. Carder free to do the pastoral work for which Dr. Fosdick could not find time, to assume many of the responsibilities which growing publicity was threatening to force upon Dr. Fosdick, and to keep in close touch with the expanding church membership. During this time of transition Dr. Carder's services were indispensable. He was a link between the old and the new; he was familiar with the church's past and enthusiastic for its future. More significant perhaps

than anything else, he was managing to hold the church together at a time when it was having to meet partly in Park Avenue, partly in a Jewish synagogue and, later on, partly in the finished portions of the Riverside edifice. One of the deacons of the church, thinking of the task which Dr. Carder had at that time, says he was truly a "Shepherd of Scattered Sheep."

However, it was when plans for the new church had begun to crystallize and its construction was actually under way that Dr. Carder showed himself to be a real ecclesiologist. Of course he would fight shy of having such a formal title as that applied to him, but that is what he really was, and still is. His mastery of the science of church management and church architecture was soon evident. As a member of the Building Committee of the church he was consulted at every turn. He made suggestions concerning the kind and number of rooms needed, the sort of equipment a large church program would demand, and he furnished innumerable details which only a person familiar with the art of running a church would understand. His particular contribution—a piece of work that will always stand as a monument to his genius—was the working out of the ecclesiastical symbolism to be embodied in wood and stone and stained glass. As a result of the vast amount of untiring study and effort which he put into the construction of Riverside Church, it can now be said of Dr. Carder that there is no person living who knows as much about the church as he does. He is a veritable walking encyclopedia concerning it, knowing the huge edifice in all its details as one would know the face of a loved and familiar friend.

So it is with deep appreciation that Dr. Carder's friends and fellow church members, looking back over the fifteen years, celebrate this anniversary. They are thankful for the good fortune which brought him from his native Canada at the age of four and made him into a good American, finding his life work in this country. Most of his boyhood was spent in Cambridge, Mass., where he received his preparatory education. He early became interested in Christian work, especially that of the Y.M.C.A. He was baptized at the age of twelve, and his sister says she heard him make his first public speech at that age in one of the Cambridge churches. His family and friends got into the habit of calling him the "Little Minister." And we feel rather sure that, if he was like the average boy of twelve, he probably did not react with marked enthusiasm to the descriptive adjective inherent in that title; but we feel equally sure that he need have no fear of having that epithet applied to him now!

When, in the course of time, the young man of our story decided on the ministry as his life's work, he prepared for it at Brown University where he received his college training, and at Rochester Theological Seminary where he received his ministerial training. Then as crowning equipment for his chosen task, he took unto himself a good wife. Shortly after his ordination he married Miss Jean Bergfels of Newark, New Jersey, and he and his wife started out together in their service of ministry.

Knowing, as we all do, how important a part a minister's wife plays in her husband's career, we would like to pause right here and pay tribute to Mrs. Carder, who has worked side by side with her husband in all his church

activities. Vivacious, sprightly, alert, she takes a keen interest in everything. Perhaps her most outstanding characteristic, aside from her capacity for hard work, is her endearing friendliness. She has that quality so indispensable in a minister's wife, a genuine interest in the persons with whom she comes in contact. She makes you feel she is interested in *you*. And she *is*! Of course, in a large church like Riverside, it is impossible for her to come to know each individual, but she approximates that difficult task with amazing success. Kind, approachable, democratic, Mrs. Carder's genial influence is felt throughout the church. She is a great help to her husband in the social and pastoral part of his work. For Dr. Carder takes upon himself the pastoral duties which Dr. Fosdick cannot undertake. He keeps track of the huge congregation, knowing, as far as possible, the individuals in it, their interests, problems and needs. His bigheartedness makes him keenly alive to any sorrow or need among his church members, and he has often gotten out of bed at night or sacrificed his own time and comfort to go to the help of someone sick or in trouble. Dr. Carder is a very human person. It is this quality, along with others, which makes him such an acceptable leader and teacher of that large and efficient organization, the Men's Class. He is one of them, mingling with them in their activities, enjoying their gala occasions, proving a "good fellow" whose presence always adds zest to their fellowship.

It is probably this quality of humanness in him which makes Dr. Carder not only a good pastor but a good executive and church manager as well. He understands people, not only in their aspirations upward but in their inclinations downward, their "pulses of nobleness and aches of shame." It is largely this quality of understanding, added to great patience, which enables him to deal adequately with such situations as often confront one in a church like Riverside, where visitors expect to find parking space for pet poodles, where promoters and panhandlers will, in spite of all precautions, manage to levitate themselves up into the ministers' offices, and where sight-seers, after having had an apparently enjoyable trip around the church, will end by roundly criticizing the ministers or the management. No one but a big man could keep company with the great souls with whom work in The Riverside Church brings one into fellowship, and at the same time tolerate the pettiness of the paltry ones. Dr. Carder has to stand as a buffer between Dr. Fosdick and an admiring but ofttimes inconsiderate public which would interfere with his work; he has to assume the oversight of details which are not the other ministers' duties, and has to try daily to be "all things to all men."

Dr. Fosdick calls Dr. Carder his "Chief of Staff," and vows he could not possibly keep house without him. "He carries a burden of responsibility here at The Riverside Church," says Dr. Fosdick, "which I should be overwhelmed by if I had to have any concern about it. Never, however, do I carry on my mind anything for which Dr. Carder assumes responsibility. A more efficient and utterly unselfish man I cannot imagine." And Mr. Rockefeller says, "Everyone who knows Dr. Carder loves him. There is nothing he would not do for a friend in need or for any human being in need. At the same time, he has that rare understanding of

(*Continued on page 139*)

Guest Preachers and Summer Schedule for 1934

The schedule of preachers for the Sunday morning services, May 27th to September 30th:

May 27—Dr. Carder.
June 3—Dr. Fosdick.
June 10—Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, D.D., Pastor Emeritus, The Broadway Tabernacle, New York City.
June 17—Professor Halford E. Luccock, D.D., Department of Homiletics, Divinity School, Yale University.
June 24—Professor Luccock.
July 1—Rev. James Gordon Gilkey, D.D., Minister, South Congregational Church, Springfield, Massachusetts.
July 8—Dr. Gilkey.
July 15—Dr. Fosdick.
July 22—Dr. Fosdick.
July 29—Dr. Fosdick.
August 5—Rev. F. W. Norwood, D.D., Minister, The City Temple, London, England.
August 12—Dr. Norwood.
August 19—Dr. Norwood.
August 26—Dr. Norwood.
September 2—Dr. Norwood.
September 9—Rev. Charles R. Brown, D.D., Dean Emeritus, Divinity School, Yale University.
September 16—Dr. Brown.
September 23—Dr. Brown.
September 30—Dr. Brown.
October 7—Dr. Fosdick resumes.

It is a high privilege to welcome these guests to our pulpit during the summer and to introduce them to the congregations which will wait upon their ministry. Two of these men, Professor Luccock and Dr. Norwood, have not previously preached at The Riverside Church, but are so well known to audiences and congregations, both in this country and abroad, as to assure them of a hearing which will have in it much of the warmth and intimacy which obtain where men are working among their own friends.

We are happy to welcome Professor Luccock, of Yale, to the pulpit where his distinguished colleague, William Lyon Phelps, has so often stood, and where another leader whom Yale has given to the world, Dr. Charles R. Brown, will

REV. CHARLES E. JEFFERSON, D.D.—*June 10th*

PROFESSOR HALFORD E. LUCCOCK, D.D.
June 17th, 24th

ation which has in it many elements peculiarly similar to those which obtain in the ministry of Dr. Fosdick at The Riverside Church. City Temple is to London in its policies and polity, and in its strategic place as a preaching station, in many respects what The Riverside Church aspires to be to New York City. When Dr. Norwood was in this country some years ago on a tour similar to that in which he is engaged at the present time, we discussed with him at some length the project which was then getting under way in anticipation of Dr. Fosdick's ministry and the building of The Riverside Church. His vision, his confidence in the response which he was sure we would meet with such a program as we

be ministering during September. Professor Luccock previously served on the faculties of Hartford Theological Seminary and also at Drew Seminary and was for a time Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He is the author of "Preaching Values in New Translations of the New Testament" and "Preaching Values in the Old Testament in Modern Translations."

Dr. Norwood is on leave of absence from The City Temple, London, and will come to us at the close of a world tour during which he has spoken fearlessly and with great effectiveness in this time of crises in Europe and the Far East. In The City Temple Dr. Norwood is ministering in a church and to a situ-

REV. JAMES GORDON GILKEY, D.D.
July 1st, 8th

REV. F. W. NORWOOD, D.D.
August 5th-26th—September 2nd

were contemplating, and his experience and wisdom concerning it all were most helpful and inspiring. He preaches an understanding and vigorous gospel, tempered and pointed by a long and effective career in Australia, among the soldiers of the Allies during the World War, in the pulpit of The City Temple for more than a decade, and in a peripatetic ministry which has taken him to the far corners of the earth. It is a particularly happy arrangement which makes it possible for us to announce to the students of the Summer School that Dr. Norwood will share with Dr. Fosdick the pulpit responsibility at The Riverside Church during the time that these teachers and students are in the city.

The Music

Arrangements have been made by the Music Committee of the church to have the full chorus available for the morning services throughout the summer.

Mr. Charles H. Doersam will preside at the organ and direct the choir the Sundays that Mr. Milligan is absent on vacation, as has been the case the last few years.

Organ recitals, weekly during the time the Summer School is in session, will be announced from time to time, Mr. Milligan and Mr. Doersam sharing this series of recitals.

REV. CHARLES R. BROWN, D.D.
September 9th-30th

The Carillon of the Antwerp Cathedral

By Kamiel Lefévere

(The Fifth in a Series of Articles on "Singing Towers")

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!
—Thomas Moore.

Amid a landscape of colored meadows and richly cultivated fields, dotted with little farms like bird-nests, rises the city of Antwerp, sighing and roaring the thousand and one noises of busy life and trade.

Scores of vessels of all sizes come and go, appear and disappear in the curves and turns of the mighty river Schelde, painting an ever-changing picture. The river-front echoes with a rhapsody of joyous sailor-songs. The dainty spire of the Antwerp Cathedral towers in stately mien over the city. The silvery tones of its bells tumble down like rippling laughter, playing hide-and-seek over roof-tops and masts to disappear like mist in the distance, having told their message of time in color and dainty youthfulness.

Although the history of Antwerp is rich in episodes of terror, persecutions, revolts, and political incidents, due to her geographically important and advantageous location, her chief pride and glory has been her outstanding artistic accomplishments. It has been so often recalled that the history of Antwerp can be told simply in names, such as Quinten Matsys, Rubens, Van Dyck, Jordaens, Teniers, Quellin, Appelmans, Baron Leys, Conscience, Benoit, and many others. While painting has usually ranked first in importance to the Flemish people, its sculptors in imperishable stone, metal, and wood, and its famous architects, have left scores of artistic works and creations. Wars and sieges to drive out the foreign invaders have been responsible for the destruction and damage of many of the works of art of the earlier schools.

Here again the love and respect for artistic expression placed the painters, and artists in general, in positions of great power within the guilds. The libraries and museums still show a wealth of collections. The artistic corteges, cavalcades, and celebrations, forming a long mosaic of glistening, harmonious colors, displaying costumes of regal splendor, with flags of the finest silks floating in the salty breezes of the Schelde, source of wealth and welfare, were not complete without the joyous music of the carillon.

It was also in this city that the first printing plant of Europe was created, and which is still being kept in its original form in the Plantin Moretus Museum.

The Antwerp Cathedral dates from the XIV-XV centuries, and is one of the most outstanding masterpieces of Gothic architecture, both in size and in beauty. The nave is built in seven bays, divided by 125 columns, and its total length is 385 feet, with a width of 214 feet at the cross-section, and a height of 132 feet.

The architectural beauty of the tower, rising to 400 feet, has often been compared to Mechlin lace for its per-

Courtesy of William Gorham Rice

ANTWERP CATHEDRAL

fect line and most delicate details. Lack of necessary funds prevented the completion of its twin tower, which, in some ways, may be regarded as a blessing, because it helps to bring out the elegance of the single tower.

The carillon consists of forty-seven bells. Thirty-six of these were ordered by the city authorities to be cast by the famous bellfounders, Francois and Pieter Hemony, in 1655-1658, who had their foundries at Zutphen and Amsterdam. The bells are remarkable for purity of tone and perfection of harmony. Three of the other bells were cast by Joris

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THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

(*Continued from page 128*)

our own men. I have watched them coming gassed from the front line trenches. I have seen the long, long hospital trains filled with their mutilated bodies. I have heard the cries of the crazed and the prayers of those who wanted to die and could not, and I remember the maimed and ruined men for whom the war is not yet over. I renounce war because of what it compels us to do to our enemies, bombing their mothers in villages, starving their children by blockades, laughing over our coffee cups about every damnable thing we have been able to do to them. I renounce war for its consequences, for the lies it lives on and propagates, for the undying hatreds it arouses, for the dictatorships it puts in the place of democracy, for the starvation that stalks after it. I renounce war and never again, directly or indirectly, will I sanction or support another! O Unknown Soldier, in penitent reparation I make you that pledge.

The foregoing sermon was preached November 12, 1933.

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PRAYER

(*Continued from page 129*)

narrowness, provincialism, the love of war and trust in violence—which despoil the earth of the beauty that we might build here. Grant, we pray Thee, a nobler spirit of goodwill, a wider outreach of sympathy and understanding across the barriers which separate us, that, as Thou hast given our minds inventiveness to weave the world together into a neighborhood, Thou mayest give our spirits love which shall make of it a brotherhood.

Because we cannot give ourselves profitably to the world unless we have selves to give, we pray for our own souls. Comfort our sorrows; help us in meeting our temptations. Lift us above the too easy love of comfort. Make us desire usefulness with all our hearts. And grant, we pray Thee, that every spirit reverently bowing in Thy presence may find here today peace and serenity, guidance and rededication, in the Spirit of Christ. Amen.

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MR. EDITOR, WE SALUTE YOU!

(*Continued from page 133*)

human nature and that insight into character which enables him to deal wisely as well as sympathetically with the many people and problems that are constantly coming to him. . . . As to Dr. Carder's loyalty, devotion and self-forgetfulness in the doing of his daily task, there is no one connected with the Church who would not gladly bear grateful testimony."

So, you see, Dr. Carder is appreciated. He and his wife are loved and esteemed in the fellowship of Riverside Church; and this love and esteem were very enthusiastically shown in a reception which took place, along with the Annual Musical of the Choir, on the thirteenth of April.

And now, Mr. Editor, having held you cornered and silenced for this length of time, while we said our say about you, we loose you and let you go. We welcome you back to your chair of editorship, to your service to Riverside, and to your share in building the kingdom of God. Wishing you many more years in this meaningful ministry, Mr. Editor, we salute you!

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THE CARILLON OF ANTWERP

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Dumery in 1767, the Antwerp bell-founder, who also made the mellow-toned bells for the Belfort of Bruges. Seven small bells, by Felix Van Aerschodt of Leuven (Louvain), were added to the carillon around the year 1900. The large bell, made by Jan and William Hoerken in 1459, bears, in Flemish, the inscription: "This bell is called Gabriel," and weighs 12,000 pounds. There are also a number of swinging bells, among which is the great bell by the name of "Karolus."

Another carillon of twenty-six bells, ordered by the church authorities in 1654, and cast by François and Pieter Hemony, hangs in the tower in a disconnected way, and at the present time more as an exhibit. It was intended to be installed in the twin tower which was never completed.

These two carillons were saved from the fate of those in the church of St. Jacques and of the Abbey of St. Michael, which were destroyed during the French occupation.

Mr. Gustaaf Brees, who retired in 1926 as organist of the Antwerp Cathedral after forty-seven years of service, has been the carillonneur of the city since 1880. He is a well-known figure in the music world, retired member of the faculty of the Royal Conservatory of Antwerp, and father of Anton Brees, carillonneur of the Mountain Lake Singing Tower in Florida.

The ever-joyous voices coming from mighty bronze throats of the bells of Antwerp reach the hearts of sailors and weary travelers far up the river, bidding them a happy crossing of the seas with a song of good wishes and a prayer of peace.

Handbook of the Institution and Its Building

This book deals with the institution and its program, the building, its architecture and symbolism, the details of the stained glass windows and of the carved stone being identified. It is a book of 127 pages, including 59 reproductions of photographs of the structure. In make-up and typography the book is one which you will wish to have in your possession and keep as a souvenir of the church. It sells for $1.00 a copy, plus fifteen cents if you ask to have it mailed. It is for sale at the Literature Table on Sunday mornings and in the vestibule throughout the week.